Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, MORALITY, SCIENCE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

Bulletin, No. 329. PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 22, 1834. Vol. XIII.—Whole No. 656.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,
By Samuel Coate Atkinson,
No. 36 CARTER'S ALLEY,
Third door below Third street, near the Girard Bank.
TERMS—$2 50, if paid [illegible], $2 00, if paid during the year, $2 00, if paid in advance, $3 if not paid during the year. [illegible] for six months.
Papers discontinued only at the option of the publisher while arrearages are due.
All notes of Solvent Banks, excepting Banks of Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, and Louisiana, received at par value for subscriptions, &c. by mail.

THE SNOW.

BY WM. SINCLAIR.

The fair, the light, the sparkling snow
By gentle breeze or whirlwind driven,
Thou seek'st the changeful world below,
And wend'st thy way from heaven:—
O! thou may'st shame the purest heart,
For Purity itself thou art!

The virgin snow—the chaste, the free,
The myriad winged!—the stainless white!
The mountain's brow is wreathed with thee,
As with a wreath of light:
And garments of the vestal bride
Are very darkness by thy side.

For thou dost clothe our parent Earth
With matchless robes, and bid'st her throw
Ten thousand radiant rainbows forth—
Bright as the gems that glow
Above the purple throne of Night—
When thou hast kissed the morning light.

Thine icicles in radiance bright,
In hollow caves and ancient halls,
Are hung like crystal lamps of light,
That gladden festivals;
Thy floor of frost-work thou hast spread,
Clear as the ocean's coral bed.

The avalanche in thunders dread,
The might of man indignant scorns;
The wild volcanic furnace red
Above thee ever burns;
And o'er the vast Siberian wild,
Thou sleepest as a new-born child.

Thou art too poor for subject earth,—
And thou hast made thy loved abode
In giant regions of the North,
Where foot hath never trod:
There thou hast pitch'd thy thousand tents,
And reared thy deathless monuments—

Where thou ne'er feel'st the bosom throb—
The heart give forth the crimson flood—
And where thine ever-spotless robe,
May not be stained with blood,
Nor Death's high feast nor scattered arms,
Bedim the lusture of thy charms.

Emblem of God! effulgent snow!
The beautiful, unspotted vast—
Unto the fair green earth below
Thou comest on the blast:
O! thou may'st shame the purest heart—
For Purity itself thou art!

From the Philadelphia Gazette.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

"Where can the postman be, I say?
He ought to *fly*, on such a day!
Of *all* days in the year, you know,
It's monstrous to be *so very slow*!
The fellow's *so exceeding* stupid—
Hark!—*there* he is! oh, the *dear* Cupid!"

St. Valentine's day, (February 14th) is so called in honor of the saint of all true lovers, of every degree, St. Valentine, a bishop, who suffered martyrdom in the reign of the emperor Claudius II. He was so eminently distinguished for his benevolence, love and charity, that the custom of choosing Valentine's, or special loving friends, on the anniversary of his birth, is supposed by some to have originated from thence. Other writers trace the origin of the custom to the fact that birds usually choose their mates on this day, and a third authority, ascribes it to a practice in ancient Rome, of celebrating the *Lupercalia*, which were feasts in honor of Pan and Juno. On these occasions, amidst a variety of ceremonies, the names of young women were put in a box from which they were drawn by the young men, as chance directed. This idea is supported by strong testimony.

Of the festival of Lupercalia, this account is given by learned writers. It was usual first to sacrifice two goats and a dog, and to touch with the bloody knife, the foreheads of two illustrious youths, who were obliged to smile while they were touched. The blood was wiped away with soft wool dipped in milk. After this, the skins of the victims were cut into thongs with which whips were made for the youths. With these whips they ran about the streets whipping all they met, particularly females.

In England, to this day, the custom of choosing lovers and sending valentines on the 14th February, prevails almost universally. All classes, from the lord to the foot-boy, participate in this amusement, and it has been calculated that on this anniversary, two hundred thousand letters, beyond the usual average, pass through the two penny post office of London. In this country the custom also prevails, but to a more limited extent.

Geoffrey Chaucer, an ancient English poet, in allusion to the custom of birds choosing their mates on St. Valentine's day, says:—

'Saint Valentine, thou art full high on loft,
Which drivest away the long nights black,
Thus singen smalle foules for thy sake,
Wil they have cause for to gladden oft,
Since each of them recovered hath his Mate,
Full blissful may they sing when they awake."

Messon, a learned traveller, who died in England about 1721, thus describes the amusing practices of his time. "On the eve of the 14th February, the young folks in England and Scotland, by a very ancient custom, celebrate a little festival. An equal number of maids and bachelors get together, each writes their true or some feigned name upon separate billets, which they roll up, and draw by way of lots, the maids taking the men's billets, and the men the maid's; so that each of the young men lights upon a girl that he calls his Valentine, and each of the girls upon a young man that she calls hers. Fortune having thus divided the company into so many couples, the Valentines give balls and treats to their mistresses, wear their billets several days in their bosoms, and this little sport often ends in love."

In some places, particularly in London, the lad's Valentine is the first lass he sees in the morning, who is not an inmate of the house: the lass's Valentine is the first youth she sees. Gay mentions this usage. He makes a rustic housewife remind her good man:—

"I early rose at the break of day,
Before the sun had chas'd the stars away;
To the field I went, amid the morning dew,
To milk my Kine, for so should house-wives do:
Thee first I spied, and the first swain we see,
In spite of Fortune shall our *true love* be."

Sylvanus Urban, in 1779, was informed that on St. Valentine's day, in that year, in the village of Kent, there was this sport. The girls from five to eighteen years of age, were assembled in a crowd, burning an uncouth effigy, which they called a "holly boy," and which they had stolen from the boys; while in another part of the village the boys were burning what they called an "ivy girl," which they had stolen from the girls. The ceremony of each burning was accompanied by acclamations, huzzas, and other noise.

In the west of England, the following custom prevailed for many years. Three single young men went out together before daylight on St. Valentine's day, with a clap net to catch an old owl and two sparrows. If they were successful, and could bring the birds to the inn before the maids had risen, they were rewarded by the hostess with three pots of purl, and enjoyed the privilege of demanding at any other house a similar boon. This was done as an emblem, that the owl, being the bird of wisdom, could influence the feathered race to enter the net of love as mates on that day, whereon both single lads and maidens should be reminded that happiness would only be secured by an early union.

In Scotland, Valentine gifts are reciprocal, as they still are in some other places. Hurdis says—

"The day St. Valentine
When maids are brisk, and at the break of day
Start up and turn their pillows, curious all
To know what happy swain the fates provide
A mate for life. Then follows thick discharge
Of true love-knots and sonnets nicely penned."

Valentines are either a declaration of love, or a sonnet in praise of the lover's mistress. They are simple or elegant according to the genius and skill of the writer. Those of humble abilities content themselves with a single distich, as follows—

"I'll be yours, if you'll be mine,
I am your pleasing valentine."

While others are not satisfied with less than a dozen verses. In an old and interesting work, to which we are indebted for several of the above incidents, we find the following valentine from a *friend*, which we offer to the consideration of our female readers, as our valentine, commending to their serious attention the salutary and wholesome admonitions which it teaches.

A VALENTINE.

"No tales of love to you I send,
No hidden flame discover,
I glory in the name of friend,
Disclaiming that of lover.
And now while each fond sighing youth,
Repeats his vows of love and truth,
Attend to this advice of mine,
With caution choose a Valentine.

"Heed not the fop, who loves himself,
Nor let the rake your love obtain;
Choose not the miser for his pelf,
The drunkard heed with cold disdain;
The profligate with caution shun,
His race of ruin soon is run:
To none of these your heart incline,
Nor choose from these a Valentine.

"But should some generous youth appear,
Whose honest mind is void of art,
Who shall his Maker's laws revere,
And serve him with a willing heart;
Who owns fair virtue for his guide,
Nor from her precepts turns aside,
To him at once your heart resign,
And bless your faithful Valentine.

"Though in this wilderness below,
You still imperfect bliss shall find,
Yet such a friend will share each wo,
And bid you be to Heaven resign'd:
While faith unfolds the radiant prize,
And hope still points beyond the skies,
At life's dark storms you'll not repine,
But bless the day of Valentine."

From "Hours of Devotion."

"Spring.—Spring is returning! She begins to struggle for the ascendancy over winter. The ice is quitting the rivulet, and the meadows are putting on their verdure. Flowers, here and there, are already blooming, and the tender foliage is trembling in the breeze. Merrily the lark pours forth her notes in the sky, and every thing around seems to be alive with joy.

Each succeeding day invites us to a ramble in the fields. We are impatient to walk forth, and enjoy the beauties of the season. Before the swelling buds have blossomed, or the landscape appears in all its glory, we find ourselves threading the thicket, or climbing the mountain's top. How many ardent hopes are pictured to our adoring souls! We think of the many pleasant days we shall enjoy, either in excursions through the country, or in the society of those we love! What fragrant mornings await us! and what delicious evenings—full of delight—when the fresh breath of flowers float upon the air—and the moon pours down her magic and silver light upon the rocks, and streams, and quiet habitations of men! We think of the joys that are past, and contemplate those that are to come! We are ready to repeat with David: "bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits."

"Matrimony.—With what sordid motives do parents sometimes compel their children to enter into the married life; and that too, with those whom they may regard with cold indifference or even disgust.—Mutual affection is seldom made the subject of inquiry. It is enough to know that their wealth or power will be increased, and for that they are ready to make every sacrifice. They heed not the grief or sorrow that they bring upon their devoted offspring.—They little think of the tears of anguish that they cause to flow. Sooner than be disconcerted in their ambitious schemes, they will doom them to unmitigated wretchedness—to all the glowing agonies of despair. Remember, there is an eternal and all-seeing God who is watching over you! He hears the groans which you are extorting by your cruelty. You may accomplish your designs, but you will not escape the dread retribution of punishment. When you are stretched upon the bed of death, you will not forget the wrongs you have inflicted upon those who should be dearer to you than all the world beside, and these reflections will torment you like so many fiends, until the last pulses of life have ceased.

"Unmarried Life.—Why will you increase the misery of her who has renounced the happiness of a matrimonial life? Are you qualified to judge of her motives? Do you know what disgust she may have felt for the deceitfulness of man? Were you a witness of her agony—her burning tears—the grief that secretly devoured her, when the spell of her affections was broken? when the vows of love proved a deceiving and lying oracle? when the joys of life fled quickly away, and existence became to her a curse—a torment? And yet, you despise her—you, do not possess an atom of her nobleness of soul—you, whose passions, whose lusts, are all unrestrained.

"The Warrior.—He may be compared to the splendors of a sunset, that succeeds a gloomy and tempestuous day. He requires no idle ceremonies—no high soundings epithets—no jargon of senseless and unmeaning praise—no proud monument, to perpetuate his name, or keep him alive in the remembrance of the people. He has been consecrated by his own blood—and his death becomes the pride and glory of the whole nation. The recollection of his valor adds to its future security. [illegible] respect a people who have had such a fearless champion of their rights. His virtues never die—they are transmitted from one generation to another.

"Family Devotion.—It is a beautiful thing to behold a family at their devotions. Who would not be moved by the tear that trembles in the mother's eye, as she looks to heaven, and pours forth her fervent supplications for the welfare of her children? Who can look with indifference upon the venerable father surrounded by his family, with his uncovered locks kneeling in the presence of Almighty God, and praying for their happiness and prosperity? In whose bosom is not awakened the finest feelings, on beholding a tender child, in the beauty of its innocence, folding its little hands in prayer, and imploring the invisible, yet eternal father, to bless its parents, its brothers and sisters, and its playmates.

THE STAGEMAN'S HORN.

Written by a lady in the country to her husband in town.

Oh! say not the *horn* has no musical notes,
Its sound is delightful to me,
Far sweeter than warblings from nightingales' throats,
For it brings me a letter from *thee*.

The little ones joyful all gather around,
Their pretty eyes sparkle with glee,
Exclaim, as they hear the enliv'ning sound,
"Oh, mother! a letter for thee."

A magic there is in that sweet little word,
Delightful to age and to youth;
In absence, what joy does a letter afford,
When filled with affection and truth.

That thine are thus filled, dear Howard, my heart
Enraptured delights to confess:
I open, and read them, and dwell on each part
With a transport I cannot express.

Then say not the *horn* has no musical notes,
Its sound is delightful to me,
Far sweeter than warblings from nightingales' throats,
For it brings me a letter from *thee*. *N. Y. Mirror.*

ARGALYA:

A TALE AFTER THE GERMAN OF BARONNESS DE GICHLER.

CONCLUDED.

The contest begun at first concealed under secret attacks and skirmishes, Divaconta being anxious to excite his enemy and force him from that calm composure which gave him so decided a superiority. Argalya opposed him with tranquil openness, and Divaconta saw that this was not the way to victory. His passions became more inflamed by open opposition; he now tried, on a direct road, to put his schemes into execution. He approached Azora again, but not in his own shape; sometimes in this and soon in another attractive disguise. In many enchanting situations, and under the most romantic circumstances, did he seek to attract her attention and to inspire her with sentiments which necessarily must have weakened her affection for Argalya. But these attempts were also fruitless. For Azora there existed but one being, to whom all her feelings, all her tenderness was due; and however artfully Divaconta's temptations were invented, they failed upon Azora's noble heart. His rage knew no bounds, and he resolved now what art could not perform, power should: and one day when Azora, followed by a few of her women, was walking to the dear grove of palm trees, the earth burst asunder before her feet, two subterranean spirits rushed upon her and tore her, regardless of her cries, her screams, before the eyes of her women, down with them into the dreadful abyss, which immediately closed again. The women perceived the catastrophe without any means of preventing it, and hastened back with cries of woe to spread the same painful amazement which filled them, throughout Abdallah's house and the whole country.

Argalya's equanimity was now exhausted. The loss of Azora deprived him of all prudence and calmness. Excited by sorrow and anger to the utmost, he now on his side too exerted all the powers at his command to destroy his enemy and regain Azora. All the strength of the elements, of the powerful air, of the all-penetrating fire, was prepared to begin a long and doubtful contest against the equally fearful powers of Divaconta.

Azora had been carried to Divaconta's subterraneous palace. Walls of driven gold surrounded her, hangings in imitation of flowers, composed of the most precious stones, formed the ornaments; transparent draperies of incombustible asbest,* hung in graceful folds from the ceiling down to the floor, which, in a beautiful mosaic of onyx, jasper, porphyr, and emerable, imitated the green turf in all its variety of blooming spring. The purest naphta* burned in large urns of alabaster, and dispersed a soft moon-like light. Delicious music sounded from behind the walls, and voluptuous perfumes, which lulled the excited nerves into a treacherous calmness, issued constantly from beautifully worked silver censers. Azora saw nothing of all this; her senses had fled from the moment of her abduction; she recovered late, and found herself on the purple silk carpets in Divaconta's unhallowed abode, surrounded by serving spirits in female shape and in the richest attire. She rose and looked around; her eyes fell upon the ruler of these spirits, who knelt at her feet in all his splendour and beauty, sufficient to captivate every disengaged heart. With a cry of horror she started up and made a movement to fly. Divaconta's anger began to kindle; he drew her forcibly back, and was on the point of punishing the ungrateful being by causing the downfall of the whole beautiful fabric, and burying her beneath its walls. His foot was already lifted to give the deadly signal, when her frightened looks turned upon him; she held her hands imploringly up to him; from her white arms fell the beautiful drapery of her ample robe; she sank on her knees and begged him, with burning tears, to take her back to her father. Divaconta remained irresolute before her. Hatred and love, revenge and compassion, contended in his bosom. He raised her, his arms encircled that beautiful slender form: "No!" he exclaimed, with a voice that shook the very palace and made Azora tremble—"no! I cannot resign thee—thou must, thou wilt be mine." She remained silent, her resolution was taken; she made no attempt again to soften a being by her entreaties whose heart appeared closed against every nobler feeling. Divaconta exerted all his artifice to induce her to speak; she did not open her lips again, and he left her at last in displeasure.

When she found herself alone she drew her veil close around her, and, enveloping herself entirely, closed her eyes against all which surrounded her, and sat apparently tranquil; but, oh! her mind suffered torments of sorrow and fear, and was the very reverse of that tranquillity she fain would have affected. No exertions of the surrounding spirits, no music, no dances which they performed to distract her, won one look, or induced her to break that silence which she had imposed upon herself. She took no food,—no slumber closed her eyes.

Divaconta had no faith, neither in constancy nor human strength of mind. He tried all; either to persuade or overpower her, neither prayers nor threats had any effect; but her strength began to fail; she became weaker from hour to hour, and with an indescribable delight she nourished a hope that death would soon deliver and unite her to the beloved of her soul, in transplanting her to a more congenial existence. She was sunk in such reveries when at once a dreadful clap of thunder shook the very foundation of the palace; the naptha lamps were extinguished, a fearful darkness prevailed, which now and then changed momentary with a bluish light, caused by vivid flashes of lightning; a hurricane roared, the walls trembled, their foundation shook; flames broke through from all sides, and Divaconta's spirits flew frightened away. At last the walls burst and, enveloped in flames, appeared Argalya, took the lifeless Azora in his arms and lifted himself without difficulty from the ruins into higher regions, where the heavier spirits of his enemy could not follow.

But the strength of Azora gave way to this new trial; she moved not, she scarcely breathed. With the anguish of love Argalya held her in his arms, and now first recollected that his fierce appearance was more calculated to solve the ties of her mortal existence, than to strengthen them. He lessened the dazzling splendour of his crown, and the terrors which surrounded him; his celestial breath touched her lips. She opened her eyes, gave a piercing scream, and threw her arm in agony around his neck, as if seeking for safety with him alone.

"Be calm, my Azora," he now said, with his mellow voice, which tranquillized and penetrated her soul; "we are safe; thou hast no more to fear."

She raised her head, and looking around found herself with her beloved friend in a car of burnished silver, drawn by [illegible] who, spreading their splendid coloured wings, and armed with a golden horn on their heads, carried them with rapid flight through the skies. She now first begun to enjoy her safety. She told Argalya of her sufferings, her resolution to die; his looks beamed with gratitude for her constancy, and then he painted his torments too, when he heard of his rival's success, and gave her a picture of his contest with Divaconta, in which they both had exerted to the utmost the powers at their command. He described to her the war between the two elements, and how fire and air at last had overpowered the heavy earth, and the sluggish water had undermined the very foundation of the mountains, and triumphantly gained their way to her. Azora trembled at this relation.

"And where is my father, my brother?" she asked.

"Already in that safe refuge where I am going to take thee, my beloved," Argalya answered, "where your abode stood there is no longer safety for you; it has gone too far between Divaconta and me. In the midst of a war between the elements and their spirits, the mortal race cannot exist!" he added, gloomily.

"Oh, heavens! what dost thou mean?"

"Do not inquire, my Azora; thou and those thou lovest are safe; the rest leave to me and to Him who rules over all!"

Azora was silent; she had accustomed herself to pay unlimited obedience to the mere hints of her celestial friend, because she knew, she felt convinced, that all he did and wished was noble, was good, and being now perfectly calm, she exerted herself to shew him her delight and happiness, on account of their re-union, by the most affectionate tenderness.

Their flight was a long one; far beneath them they saw many an empire and sea; at length the land disappeared altogether, and the endless ocean spread before them. Towards evening they discerned a dark object on the surface of the water; it became more distinct and larger; it was land. The unicorns directed their flight towards it, and lowering them, the car stopped. Azora was on the Island Atlantis.† A beautiful country, the extent of which her eyes could not reach, lay before her. Strangely shaped trees covered the beach; beautiful clear rivulets fell, in picturesque cascades, down from the grass covered mountains, which lined the shore; flowers, of the most brilliant colours, ornamented the velvet turf, and birds and animals, in the greatest variety of shape and colour, enlivened the airy groves.

"This is my abode," said Argalya, lifting Azora from the car and leading her towards a cheerful-looking cottage, which stood half concealed by tall magnolia and palm trees. Abdallah and his son hastened into his arms; the delight at beholding again the objects so dear to her heart, made her forget the anguish she had suffered, the dangers she had undergone. Argalya felt the sweetest pleasure in the happiness of his friends, but higher duties called him to other spheres, and at length, therefore, mounting his silver car, he vanished from their eyes.

When the first transports of joy had subsided, and given place to calmer considerations, fearful presentiments and cares troubled the minds of those Argalya had left behind. Neither Abdallah nor Azora could conceal from themselves that the dreadful contest between the two spirits would produce the most terrible consequences to the earth, to themselves, and, finally, to Argalya. Their time passed solitary and gloomy. In vain did the most beautiful nature, which smiled in eternal tranquillity and peace, invite them to its calm delights; in vain did the neighbouring cities and palaces offer them the joys of social intercourse,—their hearts were depressed by gloomy forebodings—their thoughts incessantly occupied with their distant country, and the dreadful fate which, in all probability, awaited its inhabitants. Azora suffered still more than her father; she had never yet been parted so long from Argalya—from the being upon whose welfare her own depended. She did not believe herself capable of bearing this wretched half existence, and when she recalled to her mind the expression of gloomy pensiveness which she had observed on his majestic forehead, at their last meeting, an indescribable anguish increased her sorrow, and caused her to suffer a perpetual agony.

Many, many solitary days passed, and Azora faded visibly; the source of life seemed exhausted, the animating spark on the point of extinction; but she exerted herself, nevertheless, to hide from her beloved father the presentiments which tormented her. He, however, clearly observed her state, and not having it in his power to give her relief and comfort, he could only sympathize and suffer with her. None dared give speech to his feelings, and, by expressing his own sorrows, provoke those of his companion. One evening, after they, in this silent anxiety of heart, had sat together some time, Abdallah retired to the cottage, to seek on his solitary couch that rest which he scarcely dared hope to obtain. Azora remained alone; in the light of a bright full moon, which illuminated the beautiful scenery, she sat, enjoying the solitary hour, in which nothing prevented her from giving free course to her sorrows, her anguish, when suddenly the beloved of her soul stood before her! She started up with the most exquisite delight, and incapable of speaking, she took his hand, the sweetest tears of joy breaking from her eyes. But when she looked more intently upon him, she shrunk tremblingly back: the celestial calmness which, in former days, beamed from his features, had vanished—the expression of heavenly blessedness was no more. Gloomy and sad he fixed his feeble gaze upon Azora, and remained silent; her tongue, too, seemed bound by a spell.

"Azora," he begun at last, in a hollow voice, "great events await us. Now I must see if the friendship of an Immortal has strengthened, has nerved thy mind sufficiently to partake without bending in his sorrows and his cares. Probably I am lost!"

Azora grew deadly pale, and remained like a beautiful statue, with fixed eyes and half open lips before him. He took her hands in his, and from the dark clouds which covered his forehead broke one beam of calm refreshing tenderness, like that of former days.

"My poor Azora!" said he, and she sunk, at these words, on his breast, bathed in tears.

"Only not parted from thee!" she cried, in agony, "all, all, but that I will—I can bear!"

He pressed her tenderly to his heart. "Listen to me, my beloved, and prove, by thy fortitude and firmness, that my choice of a friend was just and blameless. Thou art aware of my power, and that of my enemy. Upon this planet, which you call earth, there is none above us; but even we are subject to Him who has created us, as well as thee, the world of spirits and the race of men, and rules us according to eternal laws of the highest wisdom and supreme goodness. Sparks of his all-enlivening spirit animate us—you and every thinking being, only in different gradations as to purity and strength. Reason and freedom of will, are our most precious faculties. My will was pure! So at least I thought. I intended good! but even the purest spirits are not infallible in the eyes of Him! Remember it, Azora, and watch the more carefully over thy mortal heart! I was carried away by passion—passion for thee, and ambition after power, which concealed itself, without my at first discovering it, behind the brilliant vision of laying the foundation of a world composed of nothing but what is good and noble. I have gone too far! Excited by Divaconta's pride and arbitrary selfishness, I called powers to my assistance which cannot be put into motion without causing the downfall of the whole. Divaconta opposed me with similar arms; the foundation of this globe is shook; fearful events must be expected; I feel that I was wrong, and that very feeling is the beginning of my punishment—the continuation of it will be, that I have no power left to retract, to repair what has been done. One trial remains, which must decide my own, Divaconta's, and the fate of this planet; if I lose it, we are separated for ever! if I triumph, then thy and my happiness is again at the mercy of the Almighty, who is our Judge and our Father! And now farewell! we shall soon, or —— never meet again!"

Azora had exerted all her strength to listen to the dreadful account, with that firmness which Argalya expected and claimed from her. His last sentence, however, tried her to the utmost; her eyes became dim, her [illegible] on the stem of a palm tree. Argalya read the state of her mind, he saw the force she exerted to conceal it. He threw his arm around her. "My Azora—my beloved friend—my sister!" he exclaimed, and these sounds would have recalled her from the grave! The fresh consciousness of being so beloved by that being, renewed her vigour. She turned her again beaming eyes upon him, and that look told him all she felt.

"Put thy trust in the Eternal, hope for his commisseration and mercy, when he sees my true and sincere repentance. I have erred! But He is the father of us all! Farewell! farewell!" He dissolved in light, his voice re-echoed once more, and Azora was alone.

Argalya returned to another hemisphere, to try, as he had informed Azora, the last dreadful contest with Divaconta, who, meanwhile, had neglected nothing to prepare all the strength of the spirits and elements at his command, and Argalya found him ready for the trial. It begun! No combat as men with arms and engines of war, such as mortals invent to supply their limited strength—no! a fearful trial of powers which move and maintain the planet—a contest which threatened to dissolve the very bindings of the earth—to precipitate the whole into dreadful ruins, and reduce it to the dark chaos which it was before the beginning of all! The elements were in tumult; from the centre of the earth broke volcanic flames, peaks of mountains fell down, dams of oceans broke, floods inundated the countries, rocks burst by subterraneous fires, and the waters from the mountains left their beds and precipitated themselves over fertile valleys, destroying every thing before them. Hurricanes uprooted the forests, and threw down all which opposed their rage; the poles trembled, the axis of the earth shivered, the clouds were in motion, discharging torrents, alone sufficient to cause destruction. The despairing race of men poured their lamentations up to the wild roaring firmament, but were destroyed in floods or in flames. At last the Eternal Ruler of All threw his thunderbolts. He precipitated Divaconta, with his spirits, into the immeasurable abyss, and Argalya sunk, stunned, into the cave of the Altai. Thus was that period of the world at an end. The face of the earth was created anew, the direction of its axis altered; the beams of the sun fell in different gradations; the poles froze—eternal snow and ice replaced fertile fields; animal species were extinct; new men and geniuses created; green savannahs changed into wide oceans; and on mountains, which have been islands, the astonished naturalist will find the petrified remains of animals now the inhabitants of lakes. Beneath those wide sheets of water, our present oceans, are buried empires and flourishing cities; the tall masted vessel sails unconsciously above the former abodes of men. And, finally, the new human race was far different from what it had been, of which again we find traces in the traditions of almost every nation.

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This is the history of times before the passed Milleniums, which, after his awakening in the first hours of dark and gloomy recollection, ran through Argalya's thoughts. All was re-awakened in his mind, and re-awakened with that strength of which immortal beings alone are susceptible, and with which they alone can conceive times passed and gone; his blissful youth, his love for Azora, her tenderness and pure affection, her anguish at their separation, but also his own wrongs, he remembered, and what evils he had been the author of when influenced by passion. Thus, with feelings of the deepest repentance, he sunk down before the Almighty, and invoked his forgiveness. The prayers of the immortal spirit reached the throne of the Deity, and the sacrifice of his repentant heart was not rejected.

A tranquillized feeling, a slight return of that heavenly calmness, which once had blessed him, began again to lighten his soul. He shook off the gloomy sadness which had weighed him down since he awoke in the Altai, and which every new object he saw had increased, but now only a calm feeling of sorrow remained. He lifted himself from the rock where his gloomy thoughts at first began, and where, finally, his prayer for forgiveness arose, and spreading his golden wings, he commenced his journey to examine the earth in its new formation, and to become acquainted with the human race, such as inhabit the present globe.

His flight was first directed towards the region where Abdallah's house had stood, where, for the first time, he had seen Azora in the never to be forgotten palm grove. None but the eyes of an immortal could, after thousands and thousands of years, have found out and recognized that spot. A wide sandy plain spread before his sight; no sea or lake,‡ as in former days, could he discover. On the treeless desert he observed tents, here and there, ingeniously composed of felt. A race of human beings, much smaller and less endowed with beauty than the natives of the former earth, but strong and brawny, led here a monadic life; numerous herds and droves of horses, the only property of these tribes, which afford them food, drink, and clothing, grazed around their dark abodes. Argalya sighed, and directed his flight slowly towards the setting sun. There new countries, extensive empires, which he had never beheld before, and a more congenial air recalled again sorrowful and still sweet reminiscences to his mind. Here again he beheld the graceful crown of palms, bending to the balmy breeze, and here sweet perfumes rose from orange and myrtle groves; on flowery turfs, in airy groves, he saw a race more approaching in beauty to the beings of a former age. Their mode of life was more congenial, more luxurious, and in harmony with the clime they enjoyed; magnificent palaces were their abodes, or the poorer earned in aromatic fields and evergreen woods an easy existence. But as much as this race surpassed that which he had left behind on the deserted plains in beauty of body and mind, it was still far below those human beings among which Argalya had spent the days of his youth. He floated onward in the same direction. Now the shore of an entirely new world lay beneath him; first he discerned a new ocean, and with astonishment he saw former mountains of a large continent, the shape and appearance whereof was still clear in his recollection, shew their heads above the waters of the Archipelago, as larger and smaller islands,§ fertile and flourishing, and inhabited by a cheerful and gay race of men. He flew farther and still farther towards the west, to the ever dear Atlantis, the place where he had deposited that treasure which he had valued far above existence itself. Now he floated above Europea's utmost point. Here also he saw formidable traces of his own and Divaconta's rage, and how all was torn and altered. The ocean flooded here between two worlds, and formed straits∥ where once had been mountains. Argalya groaned, but still he proceeded, almost with fear and reluctance; no land, however, appeared to his far stretched vision. All around, as far as immortal eye could reach, nothing could now be discerned but the blue waves of the ocean, limited only by dipping skies.

Gloomy and sad, he was returning, when, near a far extended coast towards the south, he saw a group of small islands dispersed. Argalya learned their name, and the name of the ocean upon the surface of which they floated. Astonished and deeply affected, he found in empty sounds a secret recollection of his lost happiness. These islands¶ were the remainder of the Atlantis, which, unknown how, had preserved the name of Azora.

Weary, he let himself down here on a rock projecting into the ocean. Once more times that were gone went painfully through his mind. The image of Azora appeared upon the dark blue wave; she seemed to hold her arms imploringly towards him, she gazed at him with her beautiful gazelle eye, which so often had rested upon him in love and tenderness; now she pronounced his name with her sweet and mellow voice.

"Oh! where art thou?" he exclaimed, mournfully. "Buried in the waves of this ocean, which long ago have dissolved, annihilated every trace, every particle of thy dear remains!

"And the divine spark, which animated that lovely form, that exquisite tone of feeling, which, although restrained by outward impressions, by human errings, still was capable of understanding, of sympathising with mine?—that pure spirit which, even when still in its mortal abode, responded to mine, and, conceiving our eternal unison, elevated itself already here below, up to my own sphere. Thou canst not be annihilated! Thou must still exist! But where—where dost thou sojourn?—in which space, on what planet is now thy blessed abode?

"Alas! I feel the curse that weighs me down. Not as clear as formerly does the universe lay before my vision; that also is limited, and—justly so; I have deserved it!"

He sunk once more into gloomy thoughts of remorse. Days, months and years passed again [illegible] before him [illegible] repentance, relief, the only hope he had left.

* * * * * * *

The eastern as well as the western coast of the Caspian Sea, is inhabited by pious Parses, adorers of the fire and of the holy and eternal light, the empire of which they believe to promote and increase by every charitable action, if it is only the taking care of an animal, or nursing of a delicate plant.* Such deeds, no matter however trifling they may appear, the Parses consider as pleasing to Ormuzd, who is, according to their faith, the supreme source of light. Their only object is, to increase and extend his power, and to abolish, or, at least, restrict that of Ahriman, the ruler of darkness and evil. The life and habits of this sect are pure and moral in the extreme, and, on that account, their rites have always been tolerated, and even treated with respect, by the most fanatic Moslems which surround them.

On the west coast of the same sea, in the centre of a number of pits or wells, containing the purest naptha,† the town Bacu is situated. The soil around in its immediate vicinity appears to consist of nothing but inflammable materials. Wherever a hole is dug, flames always rise. At one place a perpetual fire, of a beautiful clear colour is seen, and around this the Parses kneel in pious devotion, adoring the pure element as the image of all that is good and virtuous, and feel inexpressibly happy by the conviction of being in the immediate vicinity of the power they adore and believe in.

Amongst them, Hashdad was one of the wisest and best. Old in years, he had all his life-time been a zealous promoter of the reign of light by his deeds, always marked by benevolence and charity. In his younger days he had travelled much and far, had investigated the doctrines of the wisest men, and made himself familiar with the history and religious rites of most eastern nations. Rich in knowledge, and richer still in virtues, he returned to the land of his fathers. His life was a chain of good actions, and a blessing to those that surrounded him, but, alas! it was not a happy one to himself. A beloved wife had shared his tranquil existence. The tempest which laid waste his country, when an ambitious conqueror overwhelmed it with a superior force, subjecting and destroying provinces to which he had no righteous claim, annihilated at the same time the tranquil happiness of Hashdad. He had one night to fly from the dwelling of his father, as the only way of saving his beloved partner and a lovely and only child from the blind rage of those savage warriors, and had soon after, in a foreign soil, to bury the remains of his cherished companion, whose delicate frame, yielding to the hardships of their sudden flight, left him disconsolate with his helpless daughter. Time, and doing good to all around, did not heal the wounds of his heart, but greatly relieved his anguish; and after the fury of the war was over, and the cruel conqueror had been extinguished like a sudden meteor, Hashdad returned to his country with his darling Sindiah, and selected, instead of the place where his former dwelling had stood, Bacu for his future abode. His days passed here in tranquil practice of piety and benevolence, the education of Sindiah, whose beauty and sweetness recalled to his mind that beloved being which he too early had lost, forming the sad recreation of his existence.

Sindiah was not brought up like other females in the Orient, to make a pretty toy for her future lord and husband. Hashdad had implanted doctrines of the most elevated and purest virtue into her infant heart, directed her feelings, and cultivated her understanding, and still neglected none of those minor, but more pleasing, accomplishments, which would render her an amiable companion to an equally noble-minded husband.

A pleasant hill, near their dwelling, on the top of which some splendid palm trees shaded a piece of rock, formed by nature into a commodious seat, was the place where Hashdad spent his evenings with his daughter, and instilled into her mind those sentiments which elevated her far above the rest of her sex. When the wide sea spread before their eyes in solemn calmness, and now and then the voice of a pious Parse, in tunes of praise, sounded through the tranquil air, or a grateful fire of sacrifice, kindled at the inexhaustible naptia wells, illuminated the dark sky by its ætherial light, then the pious father would unveil to the eyes of his daughter the world that had been—would tell her of ages long past, how differently the youthful earth had once been formed, how perpetual spring had prevailed everywhere, and that the virtuous human race, then inhabiting it, had often been found worthy of an immediate intercourse with beings of a higher description. Sindiah hung enraptured on the words of her father; her bosom swelled with inexpressible feelings; she sought most ardently to learn more, and endeavoured, by her questions, to obtain explanations, which Hashdad felt unable to communicate. All positive information he could give her, consisted in those indisputable evidences of immense revolutions the planet had undergone, and which he, for a great part, had examined himself, such as sea-shells and conchyles found now in a state of petrifaction on the peaks of the highest mountains, bones of immense animals, no longer existing, petrifactions of plants, the natives of the mildest climes, and now found beneath eternal ice.

Sindiah listened with profound attention to these relations, and the more intensely she listened, the more did they take possession of her imagination. None of the females she was in the habit of holding intercourse with, was able to comprehend and enter into her elevated thoughts, and she, therefore, retired from their society. None of the young men who approached the beautiful daughter of the wealthy Hashdad, with hopes of gaining her affection, answered the sublime idea which her imagination had formed, and they were consequently dismissed. Since those relations of her father, she continued, with the ardour of a youthful and the sublimity of a pure mind, to muse upon and finish those airy dreams, as she herself in more composed and cooler hours had to call them. But still her heart would continue to look up to higher regions for that which earth seemed to deny her. A divine ideal would constantly float before her, would fill her with trembling delight; she would bend before it with adoration, and at the same time press it to her palpitating heart in ecstacy of love. "Alas!" she would often sigh, "why did Ormuzd not give me existence in that happy age? an Amshaspand, or Ized,‡ might then have read my heart, and found me worthy of his affection!"

More distinct and clear became these visions to her soul. From the narratives of her father, and distinct dreams which revealed themselves to her mind, she composed in a short time, as she fancied, a tale of that annihilated world, which had so long occupied her thoughts. First, like dark reminiscences which revive in our minds, then clearer details unfolded themselves to her ideas. Not only the rough composition but the colouring and finishing of the picture engaged, irresistibly, her imagination, and thus the history of a Genius, who loved a mortal woman, the history of Argalya and Azora, as our former pages have attempted to represent it, came into existence, the production, the child, of Sindiah's imagination, to which she clung with passionate ardour, which she carefully transcribed on palm leaves, concealed from every unhallowed eye. In Azora's love for the sublime Argalya, she painted her own sentiments; equally as happy as Azora would she have been by the affection of a superior being; as tenderly [illegible] let her live in that age of the blooming earth.

She felt inexpressibly blessed by these dreams and visions, and became more and more a stranger to the world around her. A deep rooted languor gained ascendancy over her mind, and with ardent wishes she looked for a more elevated, pure state of existence, for a fulfilment of her presentiments, which she could only hope to enjoy in a brighter and better world.

Her father observed the alteration in his daughter. He inquired fondly and earnestly into the cause; after some hesitation, with blushes and reluctance, she confessed her cherished visions. Hashdad was astonished; he did not know whether to pity or to blame his daughter. With all the arguments of matured wisdom, he protested against these airy images, and did all to convince her of the danger of such visions. Sindiah acknowledged the truth of his arguments; she promised to restrain her imagination, and exerted herself to keep her promise, but, alas! in vain. Argalya's heavenly image would not leave her; awake and in her dreams it stood before her; she would read the expression of the deepest love in his sublime features—nay, she would even think she heard his voice, pronouncing, in celestial harmony, her own name, and her languor increased instead of abating.

With anxious solicitude, Hashdad beheld the state of his daughter's mind. His fondness impelled to adopt, as he thought, the best method to reduce her mind to a more healthy tone. Entertainments in a pleasing reality, he hoped would prove the most efficacious remedy against an imagination too highly excited. He therefore increased her domestic occupations, he opened his house to strangers, and endeavoured to make her acquainted with men not unworthy of her conversation and esteem. Sindiah did all her fond parent could wish; she fulfilled her domestic duties with cheerfulness and exactitude, she made the most amiable hostess, because it gave pleasure to her father; but the nearer she approached beings of this world, the more satiated did she become with "an every day's life," the more did she perceive the vast contrast between that and the splendid image her imagination was incessantly haunted with.

In this manner time passed under fruitless trials and attempts. Sindiah's bloom began to fade; her languishing for something beyond this world, became more violent, and the exertions she made to conceal her feelings from her father, consumed her strength entirely. One evening, after their visitors had retired in unusual good spirits and gaiety, Sindiah, delighted to feel herself at liberty, took her lute and went to her beloved hill, to enjoy her own meditations.

She reposed on the rock; the moon scattered her silver beams through the large palm leaves, which were softly moved by a refreshing evening breeze. It was so calm, so beautiful around her! and solitude contributed so much to her happiness, particularly after an indifferent and still hurtful reality in which, for several days, she had been compelled to exist; she could not deny herself the consolation of seeking refuge with her invisible aerial companions, and of collecting closer around her those beautiful shadows which so often consoling and elevating floated before her inward eye. Clearer and more resplendent did she now behold them; tears filled her beautiful dark eyes, and at length she thus gave vent to her feelings:

"The night is calm, all nature is at rest. Welcome thrice, sacred tranquillity, delightful solitude, I woo thee! In thee my heart expands, and I feel far distant from the turmoil of an unfeeling crowd.

"What is you noisy world to me? That happiness she has to offer, can yield no joys to me—what she has to bestow, I do not covet; but in my own visionary heart I feel a bliss above all reality!

"That felicity I cannot communicate to others, but when I am solitary and alone, it appears clear and resplendent before my longing eyes. Then, then I feel happy! I am with thee! I behold thee—thou speakest to me, and pure delight gives me thy heavenly voice!

"Oh, thou immortal being of light! hast thou never existed here? has my terrestrial eye never beheld thee? Can it be that thou shouldst only be a light vision, vanishing like the vapours of yon eternal flames?

"When languor painfully affects me, then my heart beats wistfully towards thee, and is restored to calmness again only through thee; then can I believe that thou had'st never been—that thy apparition is my imagination's mere play?

"Oh no! thou art no dream! Such love as my heart feels, is no void hope or vision! Wherever thy abode may be, near or distant, in what heaven, what planet, thou see'st me—thou knowest my longing mind!

"Oh! descend from thy height. Let me but once, only one single moment, behold thee in thy soft and celestial beauty! And should I cease to breathe, for that happiness would I joyfully quit this world, and follow thee to yon heavenly groves!"

Sindiah was silent; tears stopped her voice, when all at once she heard sounds like distant but delicious music; they were heavenly notes, which soon calmed the anguish that throbbed in her breast. Surprised, she rose, listening; she looked around to discover from whence these melodious tones proceeded. She could see nothing; all was tranquil and solitary; the moon shone bright, and over the green fields beneath her, which extended down to the sandy beach, floated a silver-greyish mist, and enveloped the beautiful scenery in a transparent veil. Suddenly the sea breeze seemed to increase, the mist became intenser, and through it Sindiah thought she saw something like lightning. Her whole frame throbbed, and an irresistible power attracted, even spell-bound, her looks upon the most impenetrable part of the mist. A sudden gust seemed then suddenly to divide it; it evaporated on both sides, and——an Immortal stood before her, in ethereal beauty. She gazed at him, and "Argalya!" she exclaimed, sinking senseless at his feet. When she recovered, the resplendent apparition stood still before her, his eyes resting upon her, beaming pure affection and celestial love. At length she found words for the expression of her sentiments, and exclaimed,

"Can it be? Does the being I dreamed of, asleep and awake—does it exist?"

"It does exist, and loves thee as in former ages!" answered a voice, the melody of which re-echoed in Sindiah's very heart. "Sindiah! Azora! dost thou not recognize the friend of thy first terrestrial existence?"

Sindiah looked astonished at the heavenly youth. She felt as if slumbering recollections awoke in her, as if she really had beheld these features before—had listened to the sound of that voice. Her heart palpitated almost to bursting—a delightful feeling seemed to solve the ties of life. Argalya's eyes continued to rest on her with inexpressible tenderness.

"At last," he said, "at last I have found thee again! Remember thy earlier existence; thou art not the first time here below. Thy pure spirit was, thousands of years ago, animated an equally beauteous form; then thou wast called Azora, and wast mine—mine, as I presumptuously thought, for eternity. Hatred from abroad, and my own errings, tore me from thee. But the events of that age, and the causes which parted us, are in thy recollection, only thou mistookest thy true reminiscences of a former existence for dreams and delusions of thy imagination. When I awoke from my death-like sleep, to which the just resentment of the Eternal had condemned me, I found myself a stranger on this globe, my power limited, the human race sunk, weak, and incapable of an immediate intercourse with beings of a higher nature. And where—where should I find thee? Thy first mortal form had been annihilated by the same flood which engulphed that peaceful island, the place of thy refuge. Where should I search for thee?—thee, for whose sake I willingly would have resigned my power, and, in a mortal form, have shared the lot of the poor beings of dust. More than a century has passed since I awoke. Deep remorse, and the loss of thee, made immortality a burden. The Ruler of us all looked down upon my contrition at last, and forgave; I felt a kind of tranquillity and calmness again. Conscious that the souls of human beings repeatedly returned to the earth until they, through various trials, had attained that degree of purity which qualifies them to be received into the abodes of eternal light. I knew, too, that dark recollections of their former state would remain, and that the better and purer spirits who, during their earlier existence, had enjoyed an intercourse with higher beings, would preserve, in elevated [illegible] earliest ties; that it was them, who never could be satisfied in the reality of this existence, who always look in vain for that happiness they once partook, and search in vain among the vicious human race for the superior being which they once loved, and which continues to hold possession of their minds. Thus I hoped. I tried at least to find thee. I went from country to country, from place to place. Thousands and millions of mortal maidens have I seen; I was often, for one short moment, deceived by some similarity in external appearance, by the expression of some nobler mind than common, and elevated sentiments, however, the illusion lasted but a moment! Too soon I perceived my error; and, after a long search, I begun to doubt if thy soul still inhabited this planet, or, perhaps, not requiring any purification,‖ it had taken its flight, long since, to the regions of light. An irresistible power drew me towards the east; there, a secret voice whispered to me, there, where once my happiness has budded, thou may'st find it again. I came here, and seeing thee, Sindiah, I found the treasure I had mourned for. I floated around thee, and found it easy to re-awaken in thy pure mind recollections of thy former state. My image revealed itself before thy inward eye; thou didst love me again without the least presentiment that thou hadst given me thy affection in former days. Thou thought at first a web of thy imagination, which was nothing but a repetition of real events and occurrences, thou fancied thou wast telling a dream when representing thy own and my history, together with that of this planet as it has been. Thy languor increased, reality lost all its attraction for thee, Azora. Fate is reconciled! The Eternal has restored thee to me! I am permitted to call thee mine forever, if—thou wilt it!"

Argalya ceased speaking, but his eyes continued to rest upon Sindiah, with the expression of the utmost affection and tenderness, who, lost in happiness, at last felt a perfect consciousness and recollection of her former existence.

"If I will it!" she exclaimed, at last, and tears of delight filled her eyes. "How can'st thou ask, thou my protecting genius, ruler of my destiny!"

"Azora," Argalya again begun, and a gloomy cloud replaced the heavenly serenity on his countenance, "it is not now as in former ages. Neither I nor the other spirits who still invisibly inhabit this globe in common with you, can now approach you, as in you happy days of innocence and guiltlessness. The degenerate race, debased by the grossest vices and evil passions, is not qualified any longer for an immediate intercourse with the world of spirits; in a scarcely perceptible mode is it now only in our power to influence your destiny; we can now only reveal ourselves to a few chosen ones, and can no more assume the form of mortals, which now must sully and degrade the purity and nature of spirits. At present, my Azora, there is but one tie which can unite us, but one path which leads to the world of immortal spirits, and wilt thou not tremble when I name that path?"

He again was silent.

"I understand thee, my beloved," Sindiah replied; "I should not be worthy of thy affection if I did not comprehend, perceive the road to which thou pointest—if I could, for one moment, hesitate to follow it! Guide me then—take me where and how thou wilt."

At these words she extended her arms towards him, and would have taken his hand, but the figure of air and light withdrew from her touch. Looking at her with a sweet sadness, Argalya whispered to her, in a scarcely audible but indescribably harmonious voice, "Not thus, my Azora; only beyond this existence can I reach thee my hand: here below our union is impossible!"

"Oh! then dissolve those ties which separate us!" she exclaimed; "break asunder the bars which confine me to this earthly existence. I feel the revolution which the sight of thee has produced in my soul! Who could endure mortal life after such a moment? Oh! I implore thee! take me hence, and——give consolation to my father."

"Come, come then to me, my Azora! be mine for ever and ever!" exclaimed the genius, and superhuman delight beamed from his eyes.

At this moment celestial harmony sounded again, but now it seemed not to proceed from

* Asbest, or mountain flax—a fossil, of which the Egyptians understood to make an incombustible web, or thin cloth.

* Naphta—a white oleous mineral substance, found in a liquid state, and yielding a beautiful pure flame.

† Atlantis—an island, according to several ancient classics, situated beyond (west) the Pillars of Hercules, (Straits of Gibraltar). Many wonderful stories are told of its beauty and fertility. It was, according to their opinion, destroyed by a great volcanic revolution, and the present Azore Islands would seem to be its ruins. Plinius secundus, Ptolomaeus, and even the much later Marco di Polo, mention it; but from whence these authors obtained their information is impossible to discover.

‡ There can be little doubt that the Caspian Sea extended much farther to the east as well as to the west in former times, and communicated with the Black Sea. A dreadful revolution, probably of a volcanic nature, may have burst the rock dam, which connected Asia and Europe, and have formed the present Bosphorus. The Black Sea thus found an outlet into the Ægean Sea, the mass of waters inundated the countries around, and now the narrow earth-tongues sunder. In this mode the separation of Sicily from Italy, and of Europe from Africa, may be explained. This decreased, of course, the quantity of water in Asia, and salt meadows and sea shells evince the former existence of sea at a considerable distance from the Caspian Sea and Lake Aral, which both, as the lowest places of the country, continued to be filled with, as it will be recollected, salt water.

§ The Grecian and Ionian Islands of the present day.

∥ The Straits of Gibraltar.

¶ The Azore Islands.

* According to Zoroaster's doctrine, Ormuzd is the principle of Good, or Light; Ahriman, that of Evil, or Darkness. They are in a perpetual war against each other; but, after a certain period, Ormuzd is to vanquish Ahriman, and nothing but light, truth and virtue is to reign on earth. This doctrine is, perhaps, one of the most sublime and, amongst its believers, most productive of moral and pure habits, of all which the Orient has produced.

† Near Bacu, on the Caspian Sea, the soil is, according to the reports of travellers, entirely saturated with naptia, which everywhere is easily lighted, and at one spot particularly produces a constant and beautiful flame.

‡ The Amshaspands are, according to Zoroaster's doctrines, the seven principal spirits in Ormuzd's empire; they are his assistants and companions. Izeds are spirits of the second class, and their number is not limited.

‖ It is believed, among several sects in the Orient, that the human souls repeatedly return to the earth after death, until they, through various changes of the body, at last have received that degree of purity which is required for a state of eternal blessedness, or re-union with the Deity from which they are believed to have issued.

one plate—from all around it come—from the north a cutting wind, from the south a sultry heat, from the east a cutting wind, from the west a sultry heat—and yet the plate remains perfectly fixed, and the mercury in the tube rises and falls, just as the temperature of the air increases or diminishes. Now, if the plate of glass were removed from the tube, the mercury would fall to the bottom of the cistern, and the tube would be left empty. The mercury remains suspended in the tube with increased brilliancy, and the tube is filled with the purest vacuum that human ingenuity can produce. Such is the vacuum formed between the plate of glass and the mercury in the tube, and the cause why the mercury remains suspended in the tube is, that the pressure of the air upon the plate of glass is counterbalanced by the pressure of the mercury in the tube, which is equal to the pressure of the air on a column of mercury of the same diameter as the tube, and of the height of the column above the level of the mercury in the cistern. The pressure of the air upon the plate of glass is equal to the weight of a column of mercury of the same diameter as the tube, and of the height of the column above the level of the mercury in the cistern. The pressure of the air upon the plate of glass is equal to the weight of a column of mercury of the same diameter as the tube, and of the height of the column above the level of the mercury in the cistern.

To the Editor of the Saturday Evening Post.

Your paper of the first inst. has an article from the Gazette of Charleston, stating arrears from Acre, to the 20th of January, and giving an account of the capture of the Sultan's fleet and arsenal. In the first I have no comment to offer upon the subject.

Acre, the ancient Ptolemais, and modern Saint Jean d'Acre, is a place of great commercial importance, as a port of entry, and as the key to the interior. In the hands of the Turks, it is of little or no value to the world at large, except as a place of refuge for ships in distress, and for the supply of provisions. In the hands of the Pasha of Egypt, it is a place of great importance, as a port of entry, and as the key to the interior. In the hands of the Turks, it is of little or no value to the world at large, except as a place of refuge for ships in distress, and for the supply of provisions. In the hands of the Pasha of Egypt, it is a place of great importance, as a port of entry, and as the key to the interior.

Cities and villages in the Custom of Basil have, with the exception of Schwartz Dorf, improved faster, and to a greater degree than any other in the Canton. The number of houses in the city of Basil, in the year 1800, was 1,200, and in the year 1830, 2,000. The number of inhabitants in the city of Basil, in the year 1800, was 10,000, and in the year 1830, 15,000. The number of houses in the city of Basil, in the year 1800, was 1,200, and in the year 1830, 2,000. The number of inhabitants in the city of Basil, in the year 1800, was 10,000, and in the year 1830, 15,000.

Lieut. Crawford, of the Chrysler, R. N. is about to be tried by a court martial, on no less than eight charges, preferred against him by the late consul, Mr. Barker, of Tangier.

Mr. B. M. Thatcher has retired from the editorial chair of the Boston Mercantile Journal, and is succeeded by Mr. Barnes, late editor of the Lowell Journal, Mr. Lewis Leary, and late of the Lowell Journal.

The Government of the city of Boston, have under consideration the propriety of erecting a new market, from some of the neighboring towns or points, in the vicinity of the present site, at a cost of $200,000. Mr. Haynes estimates the expense at about $1,000,000.

Nashville Gazette.—The annual convention, held at Clarksville, for the purpose of nominating a candidate for governor, which is a measure of importance to the state, the proceeds of its taxation to be appropriated to the use of the State Commission Society.

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EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

The steward of Henry Brown, in St. Francisville, on the Ridge Road, was broken open on Sunday night, and robbed of about $1,000 in cash. A watch, named Wood, an old offender, was discovered the next day, in the act of offering some of the goods for sale, and escaped to the State of Kentucky.

The sale of the estate of the late Col. M'Intyr, of Columbia, S. C. took place on the 4th inst. and the sale of the negroes averaged upwards of $600 each. The number being 69, including old and young, sold for $41,391.

The Planet Jupiter.—Professor Airy, by a very ingenious process, has determined the mass of this planet by observations of the elongations of the fourth satellite, and he has proved that the value assigned by Laplace is not correct, and that the mass of Jupiter is more than 311 and less than 323 times that of the earth, making the probable part that of the sun's mass, valuable result in physical astronomy.—*White's Ephemeris for 1832.*

The Union men of South Carolina appear to have become converts to the doctrine of nullification, in the event that they threaten to nullify the late law, requiring every public officer to take an oath of allegiance. That was a singular resolution in a union man.

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FOREIGN NEWS.

LATEST FROM EUROPE.

By our New York correspondence of last evening, we are informed of the arrival at that port from Havre, of the packet ship Richard, Capt. Holdrege, with Paris papers of the 23d December, and Havre of the 25th. The interesting extracts are furnished in the Commercial Advertiser, from which we glean the following items of news:

From the 13th to the 23d of December, inclusive, the sales of Cottons at Havre, reached 5319 bales, of which 3073 were American.

The French papers say that the inconvenience felt in the United States from the want of specie, is similar to the scarcity or the currency in the United States. So much for the accuracy of foreign journals.

The Royal Chamber of Deputies was opened on the 23d December. The doors were opened at ten o'clock, and the spectators arrived but slowly. At noon the hour appointed for the shutting of the doors many hundred seats yet vacant. The King was in large majority in the public and private tribunes.

The Duke of Orleans, about three hundred Deputies, and many Peers arrived. Imperial Papers were not present. At ten minutes past noon, the sessions of the 23d were declared closed the deputies of the Right from the Thuileries. The members of the Diplomatic body in the Royal Tribune. All eyes were fixed on M. Pasquier, who, this year, did not wear the Marshal's baton.

The Royal family took their place near the diplomatic Tribune. The Queen and the Princesses were accompanied with great attention. At half-past one, the King was announced. His Majesty was accompanied by the Dukes of Nemours and Montpensier, and the Prince de Joinville. Cries of "Vive le roi" burst from the Left and the Duchess of the Right Centre.

His Majesty addressed the Peers and Deputies, as follows:—

The repose of France has not been disturbed since your last session. It is in possession of the blessings of peace, and of the liberty which is the result of ardent love for that blessing. The Duke de Bourbon says that Don Miguel was wounded in fighting against the troops of his brother, which Don Pedro commands. The Duke de Bourbon says that the two brothers actually fought hand to hand, and that Don Miguel had a sufficiently dangerous wound.

The Queen, wishing to hunt in the forest of Compiegne, was obliged to provide herself with troops in order to secure her personal safety. She has therefore a band of 300 men are passing about the country. Accounts from Madrid, to the 15th December, state that the Queen Regent had been married by proxy to Don Miguel, and that the ceremony had been performed with energy and patience in the same system. An assiduous vigilance is still necessary; inactive intrigue and culpable negligence would be the ruin of social order.

We will oppose to them your legal concurrence, the firmness of the magistracy, the activity of the administration, the courage and devotion of the National Guard, the wisdom of the nation,—enlightened to the danger of the illusions which they would palm, and who attack. Liberty! Liberty! Liberty! Liberty! and we will assure the triumph of the constitutional order, and our progress in civilization.

It is due, gentlemen, that we will finally place a limit to the expenses of the Civil List, established at the term of France. I thank her for the support she has lent to me. I thank her for the testimonies of confidence and affection with which she has surrounded me. I have received them with emotion in those Departments which I have visited, and on my way, and I return thanks to Providence for the blessings which our country already enjoys, and for those which the future promises.

You will second me also, gentlemen, in my efforts to protect the interests of the Monarchy, by the improvement, if it be possible, of the laws of recruitment, of the organization of the National Guard, and the number of the troops. The ordinary budget will amount of the present year to the 18,000 infantry and 2,000 cavalry. The army on the peace establishment of 1832, which will be 240,000 and the other at Bayonne, and a junction to be effected by a large force from the Pyrenees.

From Jamaica.—We have received a file of the Royal Gazette to the 16th ult., and after a careful examination do not find any thing of importance.—Sheriff Sales are numerous, and the crops are coming in freely, but the Port Royal Mountains, but no damage, of consequence, is reported. The Royal Gazette has resigned his command of the forces of the island, and Sir Lionel Smith, Governor Norcott. The latter was daily expected at Kingston.

Proclamation Jan. 4.—We have this day to announce that his Excellency the Governor has, in pursuance of one of the provisions of the Abolition Act, and in addition to the two official communications there specified, appointed the following gentlemen Assistant Commissioners for the distribution of the Compensation Fund in the Island of Jamaica:—the Hon. Wm. Miller, the Hon. J. Mair, the Hon. Hector Mitchell, the Hon. Benj. Hall, the Hon. Wm. Burge, the Hon. Wm. Esq.

From Havre.—We have received a file of the Havre Journal to the 25th inst., from which we extract the following:

The French are about to make important preparations for extending their dominions in Africa. Advices from Algiers state that the Duke de Rovigo has arrived at Bona, in the province of Constantine, and intended passing through Tunis, and Tripoli, to Egypt, on a visit to the Pasha of Egypt. It is supposed that, on coming to Bona, he will proceed to Bougia, and a junction to be effected with the troops from Algiers.

BANK NOTE PRICE CURRENT.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by Solomon Cohen, Broker, No. 4 Merchants' Exchange, Third street.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 18, 1832.

For cash do.	For cash do.
Banks in MAINE.	U. S. Coburn, jr. & Ives, bk. —
Exeter fifth bank, Cas-	Kent Pacific Co. —
tine, Hallowell & Au-	Boston, —
gusta, Kennebeck, Ma-	Merchants Boston, —
sonwell, and Wis-	Hagerstown, —
casset, —	Susquehanna Bridge, —
N. HAMPSHIRE.	Franklin bank, —
Portsmouth, —	Broken banks, various prem.
Exeter, —	DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.
VERMONT.	Washington, —
Except Berkshire bank, —	Georgetown, —
Bank of Vergennes, —	Corn Bank of Columb. &
Grey Lock bank, —	Alexandria, —
Hartford bank, —	Farmers Bank bridle —
Hanct bank, Nantucket, do	Franklin bank, —
RHODE ISLAND.	VIRGINIA.
Except Commercial bank, —	Bank of Va. & branches bal
Exeter, Ex. bk. Cumber-	Farmers' bk. & branches bal
land bank, Newport, —	Exchange bk. & branches, bal
Tanticket, —	Co. Br. at Gosmary, —
Bank of Newport, —	Bank of Norfolk, —
Franklin bk Providence, do	Broken banks, —
Broken banks, —	NORTH CAROLINA.
CONNECTICUT.	Broken banks, —
Except Derby bank, &	SOUTH CAROLINA.
Bridgeport Man. Co. —	Broken banks, 2½
Bridgeport Man. Co. —	Bank of Charleston, 2½
NEW YORK.	Bank of Hamburg, 2½
New York banks, par 1	GEORGIA.
Except Franklin bank, —	State bk and branches, bal
Bank of Utica, —	Savannah banks, bal
Franklin Min. co. —	Augusta bk, —
Agency & Exchange bk	Merch & Plant's bank, bal
Commercial bank, —	Central bk at Milledge, do
Mechanics bk co. —	Georgia bank, —
Country banks, —	Macon bank, —
Except Bank, Boston, fran-	Macon Bridge Co. —
cis Grey Lock bank, —	OHIO.
Hanct bank, Nantucket, do	Com. bk Cincinnati, —
RHODE ISLAND.	Marietta, —
Except Commercial bank, 1	Bank of Chillicothe, —
Exc. Ex. bk Cumberland	Bank of Ohio, —
bank, Newport, fran-	Mount Pleasant, —
Tanticket, —	Miami Exporting, —
Bank of Newport, fran-	Western Reserve, —
klin bk Providence, do	Banks, —
CONNECTICUT.	All other banks, —
Except Derby bank, &	INDIANA.
Bridgeport Man. Co. —	Franklin bank, J. C. Ho-
Bridgeport Man. Co. —	ward, Cashier, par
NEW YORK.	Co. Jersey City bank, —
New York banks, par 1	Bank of Camden, —
Except Franklin bank, —	Co. Preserves & Man. —
Bank of Utica, —	Bank of Brunswick, —
Franklin Min. co. —	KENTUCKY.
Agency & Exchange bk	Bk of Kentucky, —
Commercial bank, —	Bk of Ken. and branches, —
Mechanics bk co. —	TENNESSEE.
Country banks, —	Union bank, —
All other banks, —	State bk. and branches, —
NEW JERSEY.	Bank of Tennessee, —
State bank and branches, —	Broken banks, var. prem.
Cumberland at Bridgeton do	ALABAMA.
Farmers bank, —	Mobile, —
Trenton banking co. —	State bk. at Cahawba, —
Morris canal bank, —	Bank of Alabama, —
Broken banks, —	Bk of Mobile, —
All other banks, —	Huntsville bk. —
PENNSYLVANIA.	MISSISSIPPI & LOUISIANA.
Philadelphia banks, par	Bank of Natchez, —
Germantown, —	Bank of Louisville, —
Farmers bank, —	New Orleans, —
Chester co at Westchester do	FLORIDA.
Farm. bank Bucks co. —	Bank of Pascola, Tal-
Farm. bank Bucks co. —	lahas, Ft. Brooke, and
Easton, Northampton, —	Appalachicola, —
Lancaster, Lebanon, —	INDIANA, ILLINOIS, AND
Harrisburg, —	MISSOURI.
Middletown, —	Bank of Vincennes, —
Columbia Bridge, —	MICHIGAN.
Northumberland, —	Bank of Michigan, Det.
Farmers bank, —	Farm. & Mech. bk do. —
Wyoming bk Wilkesbarre do	Bank of Monroe, —
Gettysburg, —	Bank of Michigan, &c.
Greensville, —	Detroit, —
New Hope, —	Commercial bank, do closed
Lancaster banks various	Lowell bank, —
prem.	MARYLAND.
DELAWARE.	Baltimore banks, 1½
Bank of Delaware, par	Except Mechanics, —
Farmers bank, —	
Wilmington and Bran-	
ch, —	
Commercial bank, do closed	
Lowell bank, —	
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore banks, 1½	
Except Mechanics, —	

EXCHANGE.

Bills on London, 60 days.	par.	4 per cent prem.
do. Amsterdam,	40 a 41	4 per cent prem.
do. Hamburg,	35 a 36	4 per cent prem.
Francois drafts,	5.30 a 5.28	4 per cent prem.
Swiss drafts,	5.30 a 5.28	4 per cent prem.
Bremen drafts,	75 a 76	4 per cent prem.
Prussian drafts,	3.60 a 3.61	4 per cent prem.
Spanish drafts,	4.50 a 4.52	4 per cent prem.
Portugal drafts,	1.00 a 1.01	4 per cent prem.
Bills on Paris, 60 days,	5.30 a 5.28	4 per cent prem.
do. Amsterdam,	40 a 41	4 per cent prem.
do. Hamburg,	35 a 36	4 per cent prem.
Francois drafts,	5.30 a 5.28	4 per cent prem.
Swiss drafts,	5.30 a 5.28	4 per cent prem.
Bremen drafts,	75 a 76	4 per cent prem.
Prussian drafts,	3.60 a 3.61	4 per cent prem.
Spanish drafts,	4.50 a 4.52	4 per cent prem.
Portugal drafts,	1.00 a 1.01	4 per cent prem.

A. B. Post and Bulletin.

Saturday, February 22.

The celebrated Dr. Green, of Bethlehem.

Saxath.

That a Printer cannot live on wind, like the organ-pipes in a Country Church—*He must have his pies* as well as other folks, is a clear fact.

APPOINTMENTS BY THE PRESIDENT.

By and with the advice and consent of the Senate.

William Noland to be Commissioner of Public Buildings in the City of Washington, in the place of Zach. Right, resigned.

George Hayler to be Consul for the port of Nassau, in the Island of New Providence, in the place of Edward Starr, resigned.

Nicholas P. Trist to be Consul for the port of Havana, in the Island of Cuba, in the place of William Shaler, deceased.

Maxwell Sommerville to be Consul for the port of Bilboa, in Spain, in the place of P. Xavier de Palo, resigned.

Joshua Dodge to be Consul for the port of Bremen, in the Kingdom of Hanover, in the place of Samuel Daniel Hostin to be Consul for the port of Paris, in France, in the place of Isaac S. Bertrand, deceased.

Peter Von Scholten to be Consul for the port of Copenhagen, in the Kingdom of Denmark, in the place of John Hoskins, deceased.

Robert Greene to be Consul for the port of Leith, in Scotland, in the place of Robert Brown.

John Morrison to be Consul for the port of Halifax, in the province of Nova Scotia.

CONSULAR APPOINTMENTS BY THE PRESIDENT.

Appointments by the President of the United States, during the recess of the Senate, to take effect from the date hereof.

Edward Starr, of Connecticut, to be Consul for the port of Nassau, in the Island of New Providence, in the Kingdom of Denmark.

W. M. Haxton to be Consul for the port of Bathurst, in the Island of Gambia, on the coast of Africa.

FROM THE KENTUCKY REPORTER.

Such the tragedies, has been showing off some of our methodical tradesmen at Louisville of late. It was but a few days since, that a merchant of that city failed for $100,000, or thereabouts, and left for the East, to settle at the Louisville Banker, but when the expectant arrived at Philadelphia, he found himself minus $20,000 in cash he found. This aberration created no little excitement among the merchants and business men of Louisville, and the manager was forced to make sundry verbal and written apologies, and to assure the sufferers that the deficiency would be made up. The following is the copy.

CARD.—Whereas, I put an advertisement in the paper called the Focus edited by my brother, M. Thatcher, that I had left the city of Louisville, and in fact I had not left, but was in the room of my brother, to gain popularity, &c. and thereby injuring the reputation of a gentleman who saved my life, I hereby make the above known to the public, and ask their forgiveness.

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Monument Tragedy.—A short time back, a man named Joseph John Hourigan, confined in the penitentiary, died in consequence of the bursting of an aneurism, or ossification of the heart. He had been gradually increasing for six years and eight months, and when, a few months before his death, was suspected of having the disease. On the 15th of January, he was observed to exhibit an appearance of inflammation, and was immediately bled, and died in a few minutes, and a discharge of no less than forty ounces of matter from the heart, which had formed a bag or sac, and ulcerated, subsequently he lost all desire of food, and wasted away till death terminated his sufferings. A post mortem examination was made, and the above facts were communicated, in which he set, with a variety of the remarkable cases of the kind, and the above circumstances. His medical attendants would have been gratified to witness the interment, but the fear of the keepers the operation would occasion mortal death.

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ATKINSON'S EVE

PERF

Saturday

The Printing

Door below

3 PW would remind customers, to the United States state of our national affairs, that the operation of the banks to render the subject necessary.

Compliance to the request of a correspondent, and all undelivered papers will be sent to the post office, to the fourth, they will be sent to the post office, to the fourth, they will be sent to the post office, to the fourth.

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MURDER.

From the Wilmington Gazette we learn that on Sunday last, the body of a man was found in the bed of Hannah Callahan, who was found dead in her bed, supposed to have been murdered by her husband, Patrick Callahan.

The Philadelphia Journal says, that it will be found to be in a dreadful condition; her head was much bruised, and her face was also much bruised, and the cruel villain had made his escape. The Journal also says that the murder was discovered by the drunkenness of the husband, who was found in the house, and was arrested by the police.

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SPAIN.

The Memorial Bordelais, of the 16th Dec., has a letter, of the 7th, from Madrid, which, after announcing the flight of Don Carlos into Portugal, and the arrival of Gen. Rodil, as has been already stated, adds:—"The flight of Don Carlos has not, as was feared, thrilled some of their heroes in the hands of Rodil. On the arrival of the latter in the capital, on the morning, Miranda was surrounded, and, at break of day, he appeared at the head of Rodil was announced. The guns were opened, and the troops were drawn up in order of battle. Rodil, in order to whatever conditions he might decree. Don Carlos and his followers, on the contrary, expected the Queen in person. Miranda has made his journey to Portugal, in consequence of a report that Don Carlos had taken a direction with his troops to Badajoz. Rodil was making on a large scale at Toledo for the purpose of the Queen, in the interior portion of the country, at six stage of the line, an brigade, five squadrons, 12 pieces, and a number of transports. The whole, at present, will amount to 18,000 infantry and 2,000 cavalry. The army on the peace establishment of 1832, which will be 240,000 Bona and the other at Bugia, and a junction to be effected by a large force from the Pyrenees.

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Hartford bank, —	Farmers Bank bridle —
Hanct bank, Nantucket, do	Franklin bank, —
RHODE ISLAND.	VIRGINIA.
Except Commercial bank, —	Bank of Va. & branches bal
Exeter, Ex. bk. Cumber-	Farmers' bk. & branches bal
land bank, Newport, —	Exchange bk. & branches, bal
Tanticket, —	Co. Br. at Gosmary, —
Bank of Newport, —	Bank of Norfolk, —
Franklin bk Providence, do	Broken banks, —
Broken banks, —	NORTH CAROLINA.
CONNECTICUT.	Broken banks, —
Except Derby bank, &	SOUTH CAROLINA.
Bridgeport Man. Co. —	Broken banks, 2½
Bridgeport Man. Co. —	Bank of Charleston, 2½
NEW YORK.	Bank of Hamburg, 2½
New York banks, par 1	GEORGIA.
Except Franklin bank, —	State bk and branches, bal
Bank of Utica, —	Savannah banks, bal
Franklin Min. co. —	Augusta bk, —
Agency & Exchange bk	Merch & Plant's bank, bal
Commercial bank, —	Central bk at Milledge, do
Mechanics bk co. —	Georgia bank, —
Country banks, —	Macon bank, —
All other banks, —	Macon Bridge Co. —
NEW JERSEY.	OHIO.
State bank and branches, —	Com. bk Cincinnati, —
Cumberland at Bridgeton do	Marietta, —
Farmers bank, —	Bank of Chillicothe, —
Trenton banking co. —	Bank of Ohio, —
Morris canal bank, —	Mount Pleasant, —
Broken banks, —	Miami Exporting, —
All other banks, —	Western Reserve, —
PENNSYLVANIA.	Banks, —
Philadelphia banks, par	All other banks, —
Germantown, —	INDIANA.
Farmers bank, —	Franklin bank, J. C. Ho-
Chester co at Westchester do	ward, Cashier, par
Farm. bank Bucks co. —	Co. Jersey City bank, —
Farm. bank Bucks co. —	Bank of Camden, —
Easton, Northampton, —	Co. Preserves & Man. —
Lancaster, Lebanon, —	Bank of Brunswick, —
Harrisburg, —	KENTUCKY.
Middletown, —	Bk of Kentucky, —
Columbia Bridge, —	Bk of Ken. and branches, —
Northumberland, —	TENNESSEE.
Farmers bank, —	Union bank, —
Wyoming bk Wilkesbarre do	State bk. and branches, —
Gettysburg, —	Bank of Tennessee, —
Greensville, —	Broken banks, var. prem.
New Hope, —	ALABAMA.
Lancaster banks various	Mobile, —
prem.	State bk. at Cahawba, —
DELAWARE.	Bank of Alabama, —
Bank of Delaware, par	Bk of Mobile, —
Farmers bank, —	Huntsville bk. —
Wilmington and Bran-	MISSISSIPPI & LOUISIANA.
ch, —	Bank of Natchez, —
Commercial bank, do closed	Bank of Louisville, —
Lowell bank, —	New Orleans, —
MARYLAND.	FLORIDA.
Baltimore banks, 1½	Bank of Pascola, Tal-
Except Mechanics, —	lahas, Ft. Brooke, and
	Appalachicola, —
	INDIANA, ILLINOIS, AND
	MISSOURI.
	MICHIGAN.
	Bank of Michigan, Det.
	Farm. & Mech. bk do. —
	Bank of Monroe, —
	Bank of Michigan, &c.
	Detroit, —
	Commercial bank, do closed
	Lowell bank, —

EXCHANGE.

Bills on London, 60 days.	par.	4 per cent prem.
do. Amsterdam,	40 a 41	4 per cent prem.
do. Hamburg,	35 a 36	4 per cent prem.
Francois drafts,	5.30 a 5.28	4 per cent prem.
Swiss drafts,	5.30 a 5.28	4 per cent prem.
Bremen drafts,	75 a 76	4 per cent prem.
Prussian drafts,	3.60 a 3.61	4 per cent prem.
Spanish drafts,	4.50 a 4.52	4 per cent prem.
Portugal drafts,	1.00 a 1.01	4 per cent prem.
Bills on Paris, 60 days,	5.30 a 5.28	4 per cent prem.
do. Amsterdam,	40 a 41	4 per cent prem.
do. Hamburg,	35 a 36	4 per cent prem.
Francois drafts,	5.30 a 5.28	4 per cent prem.
Swiss drafts,	5.30 a 5.28	4 per cent prem.
Bremen drafts,	75 a 76	4 per cent prem.
Prussian drafts,	3.60 a 3.61	4 per cent prem.
Spanish drafts,	4.50 a 4.52	4 per cent prem.
Portugal drafts,	1.00 a 1.01	4 per cent prem.

Philadelphia Prices Current.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by Rube. T. Hick-man, Secretary of the Exporter, Commission Detector, and Broker.

FRIDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 21, 1834.

ASHES.—1st sort, $ 00 1st sort, 1833, 00 @ 00
PEARL, " 5 00 MOLASSES, Cuba, Muscovado, 00 @ 00
BEEF, Mess, 00 00 Havana Muscovado, 00 @ 00
" No. 1 00 00 Clayed, 00 @ 00
" Prime, 00 00 Havana Clayed, 00 @ 00
BEESWAX, Dull, 00 00 Havana White, 00 @ 00
BRISTLES, 00 00 OIL, 00 @ 00
BREADSTUFFS, Ground Am. from 00 @ 00
" Canada, 00 00 PLASTER PARIS, 00 @ 00
BUTTER, 00 00 PROVISIONS, 00 @ 00
CANDLES, Mould, 00 00 Pork, Mess, 00 @ 00
" Dipped, 00 00 " Prime, 00 @ 00
CHEESE, 00 00 " Cargo, 00 @ 00
COAL, Lehigh, 00 00 Beef, Mess, 00 @ 00
" Schuylkill, 00 00 " Prime, 00 @ 00
COFFEE, Rio, 00 00 Lard, 00 @ 00
COTTON, Dull, 3 @ 3 1/2 Hams, 00 @ 00
" Ordinary, 00 @ 00 Shoulders, 00 @ 00
" Middling, 00 @ 00 RICE, 00 @ 00
" Fair, 00 @ 00 SEEDS, Clover, 00 @ 00
" Good Fair, 00 @ 00 " Flax, 00 @ 00
" Good, 00 @ 00 SPIRITS, Brandy, 00 @ 00
" Fine, 00 @ 00 " Gin, 00 @ 00
" Extra, 00 @ 00 " Rum, 00 @ 00
" Sea Island, 00 @ 00 " Whiskey, 00 @ 00
" Stained, 00 @ 00 SUGAR, Brown, 00 @ 00
" Upland, 00 @ 00 " Loaf, 00 @ 00
" Stained, 00 @ 00 " Lump, 00 @ 00
" Upland, 00 @ 00 TALLOW, 00 @ 00
" Stained, 00 @ 00 TEAS, Hyson, 00 @ 00
" Upland, 00 @ 00 " Young Hyson, 00 @ 00
" Stained, 00 @ 00 " Hyson Skin, 00 @ 00
" Upland, 00 @ 00 " Imperial, 00 @ 00
" Stained, 00 @ 00 " Gunpowder, 00 @ 00
" Upland, 00 @ 00 " Black, 00 @ 00
" Stained, 00 @ 00 " Souchong, 00 @ 00
" Upland, 00 @ 00 " Bohea, 00 @ 00
" Stained, 00 @ 00 WHALEBONE, 00 @ 00
" Upland, 00 @ 00 WHISKEY, 00 @ 00
" Stained, 00 @ 00 WOOL, Saxony, 00 @ 00
" Upland, 00 @ 00 " Merino, 00 @ 00
" Stained, 00 @ 00 " Common, 00 @ 00
" Upland, 00 @ 00 " Pulled, 00 @ 00
" Stained, 00 @ 00 " Lambs, 00 @ 00
" Upland, 00 @ 00 " Mixed, 00 @ 00
" Stained, 00 @ 00 " Foreign, 00 @ 00
" Upland, 00 @ 00 " Country, 00 @ 00
" Stained, 00 @ 00 " Fleece

Venture to the spoke of fate,
Trust given to all the Saviour.

MARCH OF REFINEMENT.

Verses for the year 1793.

Tell John to set the horses,
That coach is quite a dirty;
I only want to go to Boston,
And back again by five.

Tell cook to draw those hamming birds
Before to-morrow;
They'll be quite *high* at least two days,
And Tom, who yes the gold-leaf wings,
And mind he fixes it direct
I want none fluttle wingses.

Tell Peter dinner time and one.

Fly round by France, and bring a new
Perpetual motion gun,
Two pocket-handkerchief handels, I go
A hunting in the sun.

The trip I took the other day,
Was pleasant in the Strand,
Thanks to that awkward Lord Bellaire,
Who spoiled my new fashion!

I'm getting through the mille way,
He ran against I rear;
And terrified my leader so much,
I was just spasmed my ear.

But, Tom, get you the car repaired,
And then let Dick and I,
Inform you the square rules of gar—
I mean to travel quick.

My groom is ready up by now,
And waiting for the word;
Give me the bridle-bag for the way!
All right—but where's the sword?

London Times.

Original Anecdotes.—Several years since, a celebrated Methodist preacher was on a visit to Dublin, and opened in this village; and among others put a watch into a bag, "wanting it all to pieces," and by saying nothing about it, expected to see it return whole. The bag passed, it was sent present, thinking it a very pretty, he would let it go. The next week, took advantage of Bill's absence the next day, opened the gold repeater and found it completely new and polished. To his astonishment, in spite of presents, it "*stood dismissed.*"

A Sharp's Distortions or Hunting.—Going to see my father the other day, he told me to take a very fine horse of his, and ride to the hounds. I accordingly did so, and when they brought me one as more spirited than the former, they brought me one as more spirited than the former, they brought me one as more spirited than the former,